

# Newport

# Mercury.

ESTABLISHED JUNE 12, 1788.

VOLUME XV.

## Selected Cal.

### PARLOR AND KITCHEN.

#### OR MRS. POTTER'S MISTAKE.

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## Poetry.

### THE DAISY.

The daisy blossoms on the rocks  
Amid the purple heath;  
It blossoms on the river's banks,  
That threads the plenteous streams;  
The eagle, in his pride of place,  
Beholds it by his nest;  
And in the mead it cushions soft  
The lark's descending breast.  
Before the cock's earliest spring  
His silver circuit knows;  
When greening buds begin to swell,  
And aspary mists the snows;  
And when December's breezes howl  
Along the moorlands bare,  
And only blossoms the Christmas rose,  
The daisy still is there.

Paramour of flowers! to it  
All roses are alike—  
The Switzer on his glacier height,  
The Dutchman by his dyke,  
The seal-skin vested Equinox,  
Begirt with icy seas,  
And, underneath his burning noon,  
The paraded Chinese.

The emigrant on distant shore,  
Mid scenes and faces strange,  
Beholds itowering in the award  
Where'er his footstep ranges;

And when his roaming, home-sick heart  
Would how to its despair,  
It reads his eye a lesson sage—  
That God is everywhere!

Stars are daisies that begin  
The blue fields of the sky,  
Behold it, and everywhere,  
Bright prototypes on high.

Blooms on, then, unpreending flowers!

And to the waverer be  
An emblem of St. Paul's content

At Stephen's sanctuary.

THE MOTHER'S FIRST GIFT.

She sits beside the cradle,

And her tears are streaming fast,

For she sees the present only,

While she thinks of all the past;

Of the days so full of gladness,

When her first-born's answering kiss,

Filled her soul with such a rapture,

That it knew no other bliss.

Oh, those happy, happy moments!

They but deepen her despair,

For she looks above the cradle,

And her baby is not there.

There are words of comfort spoken,

And the leaden clouds of grief

Wear the smiling brow of promise,

And she feels a sad relief:

But her wavering thoughts will wander,

Till they settle on the scene

Of the dark and silent chamber,

And of that all might have been!

For a little vacant garment,

Or a shining tree of hair,

Tells her heart, in tones of anguish,

That her baby is not there!

She sits beside the cradle,

But her tears no longer flow,

For she sees a blessed vision,

And forgets all earthly woe;

Finally eyes look down upon her,

And the voice that hushed the sea

Silks her spirit with the whisper,

"Suffer them to come to Me."

And while her soul is lifted

On the soaring wings of prayer,

Heaven's crystal gates swing inward,

And she sees her baby there!

THE FAYA TREE.

There's a distant spot 'midst the ocean waves,  
Where a bright little island smiles,  
With its lovely mountains and star-gemmed caves;

It's queen of the western isles.

It's mid its forests, though rich they be,

There is nought can vie with the Faya tree.

When the tender orange begins to shoot,

With its branches of softest green,

Or where, like stars, shines its golden fruit,

Is the graceful Faya seen.

A shade from the scorching sun to be,

Bendeth in love o'er the orange tree.

It takes the dew from the rude night air,

To shed in a grotto shower.

The bright pearl-drops with a parent's care

On the leaves of the orange-flower;

If the tempest wake on the storm-roused sea,

A warrior shield is the Faya tree.

A small still voice for the lonely heart

"Midst thy whispering boughs I hear;

An emblem meet, lonely tree, thou art,

Of one who is ever near;

A shelter to soften thy glancing light;

A refuge and shield in grief's stormy night.

THE SABBATH.

With silent awe, I hail the sacred morn

Which slowly wakes while all the fields are still;

With soothing calm on every breeze is borne;

A grave murmur gurgles from the rill,

And echo answers softer from the hill;

And softer sings the linnets from the thorn;

The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill,

Hail! light serene, hail! sacred Sabbath morn.

The rocks float silently by, in airy drove;

The sun a placid yellow lustre shows;

The gales that lately sighed along the sweep,

Have hushed their downy wings in sweet repose,

The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move;

So smiled the day when the first morn arose.

NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 18, 1856.

NUMBER 4,954.

## Historical.

### MEMOIR OF RHODE ISLAND.

1875.

Jennie sprang up and screamed with  
fright, certain now that the woman was a  
crazy old creature, subject to fits; and yet  
the remarkable composure of her mother  
somewhat reassured her. Just then her  
father entered, and she ran to his side, sure  
of protection there, in any event.

Mrs. Thomas watched the widow closely  
and anxiously, but did not discover signs  
of anything more dangerous than a fainting  
fit, or possibly a short attack of hysterics;  
but even at this prospect, the kindness  
of her heart made her feel some compunctions  
of conscience, and she was rising  
to reach some restorative from the medical  
closet, when an attempt of the old lady at  
utterance arrested her steps. Mrs. Potter  
was indeed rapidly recovering herself, but  
yet her lower jaw would only come up to a  
speaking position occasionally. Whenever  
it would do so, as she fixed her eyes on one  
and another of the trio:

"Ah—ah—are—you—are you her—her  
daughter?"

Jennie, not yet entirely recovered from  
her fright, looked at her parents, as if they  
had better answer that question.

"Are you—are you—oh, dear me!—are  
you Mrs. Thomas?"

Mrs. Thomas, who was now addressed,  
being sure that Mrs. Potter's eyes were of  
more service to her just then than her ears,  
simply nodded assent, without speaking.

"Miz—Miz—Mister Thomas—are you  
her husband—husband—husband?"

"I think so," said he, coming forward;

"I am not aware of any divorce having  
been decreed. But, Mrs. Potter, what is  
the matter, my dear woman? Will not your  
boys allow you to plant potatoes in the  
orchard? Wife! Jennie! what does all  
this mean? Do explain."

"Oh, dear me! I broke in the poor Mrs.  
Potter, with more firmness of voice, but  
with no abatement of distress, 'What have  
I said? What did I say? Oh, I shall  
die! I know I shall!'

Between repeated assurances to the old  
lady that not the least harm had been done,  
that nothing had been said that need give  
her any distress, Mrs. Thomas fairly drew  
the old lady into the dining room, where,  
with the assistance of Jennie Thomas, she  
was relieved of her bonnet, bag and shawl,  
and at the table.

Mrs. Potter regarded Jennie with much  
interest, who although still attired in the  
simple and tasteful dress, in which she first  
left her room in the morning, looked very  
elegant.

"She does like to have her work done  
according to her own idea, but I never  
saw any trouble in pleasing her, as I think  
when I work for others I should strive to  
do as they desire, not as I may want to."

"Well—yes; but girls as has been well  
brought up, has just as good a right to  
their way, as anybody else, if they aren't  
quite so rich."

"To be sure they have about their own  
affairs; but when a girl undertakes to do  
another's work, it is not her own work;  
and her will should not be set up in opposition  
to her employer. It is not that reasonable."

"Well—yes; but girls as has been well  
brought up, has just as good a right to  
their way, as anybody else, if they aren't  
quite so rich."

"You ain't like most girls, that's all."

"No, I suppose not; but if they would  
do as I do in this matter, they would get  
along much better. I always advise those  
that I know, to try it, and a great many  
have found out it is the best way, and in  
fact, the only way."

The potatoes being peeled, and the dinner  
done, Mrs. Thomas was so busy for a few  
minutes in carrying it in the dining  
room, that any further ceremony was pre-  
vented, beyond a few short questions, and  
answers, such as—"Do you make tea every  
day for dinner, for Mrs. Thomas?" asked  
the ever-inquisitive Mrs. Potter, as the tea  
urn came out for hot water and Souchong.

"No; but whenever she wants it, I do."

"Well, I wouldn't—there!"

"Not if you knew a cup of tea was very  
refreshing to her!"

"No! If she wanted tea for dinner, she  
might make it herself; said the old  
lady spitefully.

Dinner was served, and Mr. Thomas  
had not yet come to town. Mrs. Thomas  
asked Mrs. Potter to walk into the other  
room, lay off her things, and take some  
dinner; probably Mr. Thomas would come in  
while they were eating. There was no  
one in the house but Mrs. Thomas and her  
daughter, and she need not hesitate at all.

"No; but I'd rather stay here. Her daughter's  
just home from the seminary, ain't she?"

"Yes, a few weeks ago."

"She don't do nothing, I s'pose, but lay  
abed and play on her piano!"

"Oh! yes," said Mrs. Thomas, nearly  
convulsed with laughter, "she's a real  
worker; gets up early, and would do all  
the housework, if her mother and I would  
let her; she says she wants to learn over  
again, what she has partly forgotten at  
school."

"Du tell! Well, she must be uncom-

"Perhaps she is. But come; come in  
to dinner."

"No! I'll stay out here and eat with  
you, after they're done."

"I eat with the family."

"You do? I thought Mrs. Thomas  
would not let her girls set at the table  
with her. That's what they say in our  
parts."

"They are mistaken. Mrs. Thomas  
never makes any strong objection, if girls  
want to do it, or insist upon it; but she  
lays it down as a rule, that every body at  
her table must be neatly and cleanly  
dressed, and if they sit there, they must be  
so too; which she knows is very hard for  
them at all times in doing kitchen work;  
that she knows also it is better for them  
every way, to prepare a table for and by  
themselves, where they can look and act  
as they like; that if they sit at the table  
with the family, they have no freedom of  
action, because she will have that time for  
social conversation with her family, unless

she is very ill, or has a cold.

Just at this moment, Jennie very innocently  
inquired—

"Mother, is it not very strange that father  
does not come?"

"No, I think not; court may not have  
adjourned yet."

Down fell the chin-saucer from the widow's  
lips and fingers with a crash, while  
the cold tea trickled from her mouth and  
spread over her black bombazine; her  
body fell heavily against the back of the  
chair; her hands flew into the air; and then  
dropped powerless at her side; and in  
the relaxation of the muscles of her face,  
her lower jaw might as well have been un-  
hinged, for any practical good that she could  
derive from its possession.

"E. S. V. P."

A dyspeptic old hypochondriac makes  
the following pitiful inquiry:—"We have

great cabbages, great gooseberries, great  
potatoes, great turnips, great carrots, great  
onions, great onions, great carrots, great  
potatoes, great turnips, great carrots, great  
onions, great onions, great carrots, great  
potatoes, great turnips, great carrots, great  
onions, great onions

With all the charms possessed by this Island, there is one thing lacking to give October the characteristic of an American autumn—the rich Indian summer. With us the season of early fall is prolonged till all the leaves are fairly dead, and when the frost at last comes, it finds nothing on which to exert its influence. It has when its approach is sudden and unexpected for all our trees wear one uniform, that of dried and yellow leaves, of a russet hue; but let one leave the sea shore and travel into the country a few miles, and he will find all the colors of the rainbow spread over the woods and wild lands. In Narragansett at the present time, there is enough in this way to charm one for days together, and in all our experience we never saw anything more exquisitely beautiful than some of the scenes in the vicinity of Pettesquasset and the little stream that leads down from Silver Spring. Every bush and tree and creeping vine, has some rich and beautiful color to mingle with that of its neighbor, and to contrast with the gray heaths of the rock and the sturdy brown of the hill side. The scarlet tresses of the ivy cling in graceful wreaths around the dark green boughs of the cedar. The leaves of the birch continue their ceaseless play in every breeze, but now in the color of the bright gold; the scarlet berries of the spiculated silver are strongly relieved against its bright and shining leaves of green, and the sturdy oaks are rich in the ruddy tints that precede the leaf's decay. The bayberry, the fern (a bright golden brown) and the wild grape make the air fragrant with their perfume; the golden red still sways its tall spike of flowers with every breeze; the siber is waiting for a more biting frost before it shows a purple robe, and the chestnut, clinging to the hedge and running over old stone walls, displays its tufts of down, while the willow scatters over the water of the brooks, like golden dust, the leaves that all summer long have dallied with its waves. The snake, the plover and the noisy blackbird have gone with the sun towards the South, but the partridge is there, drumming to his mate on some decaying log; the robin pipes as clearly from the bough where his brood was reared, and the cat-birds screen their loudest now that their time of departing is at hand. There, in those beautiful woods, on the banks of one of the streams or ponds embosomed among the hills of Narragansett, we have spent many a day with pleasure and profit. With the outer world there is little connection, and the day through one meets with scarcely a soul, unless it be some boy tempted by the profusion of grapes, or the tiler of the neighboring fields; but in such a place solitude should be coveted, for it is in keeping with the scene, and causes must be the heart and soul of the feelings of one who could not revel in the wealth that Nature thus spreads out to the admiring gaze of her children.

We have observed an artfully worded advertisement in one of our exchanges, which is designed to advance the interest of lottery schemes at the expense of morals and the pure of the public. It tries to be very plausible, and, among the inducements offers the following:

"It is by making sick men generally get rich, as it is by the same means that men sometimes lose them. But one thing is certain; where the amount of capital is always more than the amount of liability, and a systematic course is pursued by which there is a probability of gaining much in return for a little outlay, the chances among a great multitude when once over, while the sufferer comes undivided to him who is entitled to him, who he strives for success must ultimately win it."

In this course, it says, it would be difficult to find anything absolutely wrong, and after such a preamble, it offers the scheme and the addresses of parties who have tickets for sale. It would be idle for us to speak of the demoralizing effects of lotteries; the public has looked into this matter long ago, and in many of the States they are wholly prohibited by law. But the sale of tickets, we are sorry to say, is continued in a clandestine manner here, as in many other places. This is bad enough, though it cannot well be reached. The press, however, is to blame, by countenancing such schemes when presented in advertisements that are expressly contended for to appear as miscellaneous matter.

In another column we give the direction of the treatment of yellow fever, as practiced with success in Bermuda the past summer, by Dr. Sartor. The new mode of treatment, the *Scandinavian* says, was brought to the notice of Dr. S. in America, and he applied it on the first appearance of yellow fever after his return to his native place. That paper adds that upwards of sixty cases in Warwick alone, many of them of the worst possible description, have been under his care, and all of them are now living evidence of the efficiency of the treatment. The earlier patients have been restored to health, the latter ones are in a state of convalescence. The treatment is simple; there are times when a physician cannot be had immediately, and with the directions thus minutely given, one could have no hesitation in taking the disease in hand till assistance can be obtained.

Another slave has been seized in New York, just on the eve of her departure, and those on board have been placed in confinement. Several of them have been recognized as parties tried and acquitted of a similar charge, having been taken from the bark *Bremen*, recently condemned as a slave. When arrested, one of the party endeavored to throw a package, consisting of letters of instruction, as to the voyage and its nature, overboard, but was prevented so doing. The vessel is called the *Patrician*, about three hundred tons burthen, and has on board a cargo consisting of lumber, fifty or sixty cases of salt water, a lot of onions, a large quantity of freewoof, about seventy packages of rum, and some cases of dry goods.

Our readers who were acquainted with Rev. James O'Reilly will read with regret the following announcement of his death:

"An extract from a letter from Rome mentions a fact about as having occurred to the Rev. James O'Reilly, that he was in a state of physical health and was recommended to bathe in the sulphur lake near Tivoli. Having an excellent swimmer ventured beyond the limits of safety, and, overcome by exhaustion of the lake, perished. His body was found, but life was extinct."

The water, though generally ascribed to Germany, bearing, as it does, a German name, which literally means water, is only a revival of the ancient, a dance of Indian origin. It is introduced into "Loud's Delineator" with no little appreciation of its true character:

"I leave behind me,

A Philip that will cap his hands for joy,

And drowses through the Castle court."

The Providence Evening News is the name of a new paper that we should have noticed in our list. The first number looks well, and it also promises well, but it is in the hands of AUGUSTE R. GEORGE, Esq., the enterprising editor and publisher of the *Warren Telegraph*. The *News* is a political sheet and is devoted to the cause of *Frederick Douglass*.

Dr. KANE, called on Saturday in the Baltic, en route to England for his health. Lady FRANCIS, it is reported, on hearing a rumor that Dr. KANE would have to leave, had a house furnished for his reception, and waits in anxious expectation for the arrival of each messenger, in the hope of meeting him.

The New York *Standard* is evidently satisfied at the Boston reception of Mr. Faxon, as it has an entire article on the occasion, which all the other papers speak of in every way brilliant and in good taste.

Horatio WALPOLE and other men are often called great writers, and they are, indeed, often good writers.

The New Bedford *Mercury* is publishing a series of historical sketches of that place.

On Monday night we were visited with a very heavy blow from the North, accompanied with rain and followed by the coldest weather we have known this season. Up to that time the month had been charming—a succession of warm and cloudless days that must have rejoiced the hearts of the farmers immensely as they afforded him the most favorable opportunity to prepare for gathering in his remaining crops and to meet the approaching winter. The yield, we believe, is as good as usual; there is no complaint of the potato crop, and prices rule high enough, we should judge, to cover cost of production and leave a little margin.

Why do not our farmers who have a piece of moist land turn it into a cranberry patch, seeing that the fruit is commanding at the present time from three to four dollars a bushel, and is always a good paying crop. The culture, undertaken in the right way, is just the easiest thing possible, and the young plants may be set out in drills, in rods, and broadcast and harrowed in, the last being a good way as any, as the cuttings always take root from the base of the leaves and soon spring up and present the appearance of young and healthy plants—On Cape Cod, one of the most sandy places in the earth, short of the Great Savannah, they are gathering a golden harvest from the culture of this little berry, and we would advise all who are disposed to look into the matter, to obtain a copy of "Eastwood's Complete Manual for the Cultivation of the Cranberry." It will cost but fifty cents, and in it will be found full directions, with a description and plates of the best varieties.

A friend who witnessed the launch on Thursday, of the historic bark just finished by the Messrs. CRANDALL, handed in the following lines, which are very appropriate for the occasion:

#### THE LAUNCHING.

BY WILLIAM D. GLASIER.

She starts—she moves—she feels to the thrill of life along her keel,  
And spurning with her feet the ground,  
One exulting, joyful bound,  
She leaps into the ocean's arms!—*Longfellow.*

Well may they deck the ship to day  
With colors flanking free,  
Well may she sail in her best array,  
Long may she be the fairest kept  
Her lover from her charms,  
Now her last long sleep is slept,  
We give her to his arms.

Oh, guard our darling from the storm:  
The bosom never loses a  
A broader or more faultless form,  
A fairer love before,  
Toss down thy boughs! thundering shocks,  
Thy foaming waves, O sea!  
And keep her from the angry rocks  
That lie along her home.

Her home has been where green hills kiss  
The clefts rippling ride;  
But, oh, our eyes must leave to kiss  
The Ocean's new-made bridge,  
Where white-caps' waves however rise,  
Where seashells skirt the foam;  
Far off, beneath the sun-kissed skies,  
Our beauty seeks her home.

Ah, proud may be the matrons  
That stand upon her deck;  
They lie little fair, in strength like her,  
The tempest or the wreck;  
And proudly may he muse fly  
That bores the stripes and stars,  
That along her lies.

Engine Co. No. 8 have erected a handsome flag staff in front of their house 114 feet in height, and yesterday the flags of different nations were displayed from it.

In the space of a week four persons have died in this city, of seventy-six years of age and upwards.

The house for the keeper of the Lime Rock Light, in our harbor, is nearly completed.

RICHARD STOKES WILLIS, with the true appreciation of the refining influence of a picture on the wall, thus gives utterance to his feelings:

"A room with pictures in it, and a room without pictures, differ by nearly as much as a room with windows and a room without windows. Nothing, we think, is more melancholy, particularly to a person who has a pass much time in his room, than blank walls, with nothing on them; pictures are like loopholes of escape to the soul, leading it to other scenes and societies. It is such an inexpensive and agreeable object as the soul; they are a relief to the mind; they lead us to the impressions of beauty; they are the mirrors of our histories and manners—which we can read without the proclamations of the Emperor of the rebels."

THE COURT MARTIAL ordered to inquire into charges against Col. W. B. Brown, was on Monday dissolved by an order from the Governor and Commander-in-Chief.—The grounds for this order are that the orders which Col. Brown was charged with disobeying were given without legal authority, and that it is not expedient that the State should be put to the expense of a meeting of said court to pass upon questions which arise upon the face of said charges, and where it would be the duty of the Commander-in-Chief to reverse the decision of said court if adverse to the accused." Col. Brown is then released from arrest. Upon this decision being made known to Major General Burnside, he resigned the command of the division of the Rhode Island Militia.

Two OPINIONS.—A letter from Caleutta speaking of the law which has lately received the assent of the Governor-General for authorizing Hindu widows to remarry, says that so far as we can learn the law is popular. Three Bremen families within his knowledge were about to give their widowed daughters in marriage. The writer of the letter asked an old priest what he thought of the law. The priest, looking round to see that no one was listening said, "If I speak from my soul, it is a good law; if I speak with my mouth, it is an infamous piece of tyranny." The same letter says that the Legislative Council is beset with petitions praying for the abolition of polygamy.—*Daily Advertiser.*

THE KNICKERBOCKER is accountable for the following:

"A friend of ours, who resides in North Pearl Street, went a fishing the other day, and among other things that he had was a large sized turtle. To enjoy the surprise of his servant girl, he placed it in her bedroom. The next morning the first thing that bounced into the breakfast room was Biddy, with the exclamation 'Bejubel, I've got the devil!'—What devil? exclaimed the head of the house, feigning surprise. 'The bull bedding that has been ailing the children for the last month.'—As this is a new name for the domesticated ass, we thought we would let it out. Bull bedding is good."

TO DESTROY CRICKETS.—A correspondent of the London *Cottage Gardener* says he has destroyed hundreds of crickets by means of a common white glazed jar, about nine or ten inches high, put in the place they infest, with a slice or two of cucumber in it, and one live cricket as a decoy. They will hop in, and strange to say, stop walking for life; you try it, it is not well to destroy them daily. When the jar is one-third full of crickets have it filled with boiling water. This is a simple and effective method of getting rid of these insects.

Geo. W. Johnson, one of the large sugar planters on the Mississippi below New Orleans, who died recently, has left an estate valued at not less than \$700,000. He has by his will manumitted all his slaves, 209 in number. They are to be sent to Liberia in four years from his death, and each one is to be furnished with \$50.

RETURN OF THE PRESIDENT TO WASHINGTON.—Washington Oct. 14.—U. S. steam frigate *Wabash* arrived at Annapolis this afternoon. The President will arrive here to-morrow evening at 7 o'clock. The District Volunteers Militia and a civic procession will receive him, and escort him to the White House.

ENGLISH POTTERY.—Staffordshire, in England, is the great seat of the porcelain and pottery manufactures. No less than 60,000 persons are employed in the works, and the annual value of the porcelain manufactured amounts to about \$10,000,000 per annum—three fourths of which are exported.

The parade of the N. Y. Fire Department Monday was a grand affair, and was witnessed by over one hundred thousand people in Broadway alone. Six thousand and two hundred and twenty seven firemen joined in procession.

Mr. George Penobsky, the eminent London banker, has accepted an invitation from the officers of the Maryland Institute to a public reception by the assembled members of the Institute, at Baltimore, some time during this Fall.

Mr. Crampton, late British Minister at Washington, has had conferred upon him by the Queen, the distinction of a Knight Commander of the Bath.

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